

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. IX.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1899.

NO. 40.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—W. T. Hinton.
Town Council—By Committees.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and C. E. Bice.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Cradle.
Sanitary—A. E. Cradle, D. T. Kiam and W. E. Anderson.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cradle and D. T. Kiam.
Light—D. T. Kiam, Chas. Buge and J. B. Farrar.
Street—Chas. Buge, D. T. Kiam and W. E. Anderson.
Salaries—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Cradle and A. E. Cradle.
Houses—H. E. Wall, E. L. Cradle and W. P. Gilliam.
Jury—House—W. E. Anderson, E. L. Cradle and A. E. Cradle.
Fire Department—J. B. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Post—A. E. Cradle, Chas. Buge and W. E. Anderson.
Water—E. L. Cradle, H. E. Wall and Chas. Buge.
Sewer—J. B. Farrar, H. E. Wall and W. P. Gilliam.
Low Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—John A. Scott.
Commissioner of Revenue—E. T. Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Chief of Police—J. W. Bond.
Supt. Electric Plant—A. T. Wicker.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Hon. Geo. J. Humble, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge County Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Atty.
W. H. Thacker, Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
E. J. Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
Superior—J. M. Harrison, J. M. Venable, W. H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W. Scott.
W. J. Clark, Commissioner of Revenue.
W. H. Ewing, Treasurer.
T. H. Dickinson, Sheriff.
R. J. Harvey, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.
Thomas J. Garden, Superintendent Schools.

W. C. FRANKLIN.

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FARMVILLE, VA.

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Attorneys at Law.

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S. P. VANDERSLICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in the courts of Prince Edward and the adjoining counties. Office over H. E. Wall's store, Main St., FARMVILLE, VA.

G. S. WING,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Green Bay, Prince Edward County, Va.

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Will be at office in Farmville every Monday.

WHITE & CO.,

DRUGS,

Medicines and

Druggists' Sundries.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

FARMVILLE, VA.

Good Judgment

Would dictate that you buy

JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

SILVER WARE

and such, of an old established and

RELIABLE HOUSE.

Such is the store of

E. WILTSE,

FARMVILLE, VA.

PLANTERS' BANK,

FARMVILLE, VA.

R. S. FAULSTICH, President.

H. A. WALKER, Cashier.

Capital paid up, \$50,000. Surplus \$30,000.

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Does a general banking business. Interest allowed on time deposits. Loans negotiated. Checks sold on all principalities and Colonies made.

OPINION

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IT IS RIDICULOUS

For any man to claim to make money by selling at a loss. It is simple to say it, and simple to swallow it. If the farmer raised only one grain for each grain planted he would starve. If the merchant sells his goods dollar for dollar, at the price he bought them, he is out in time, labor and expense.

We Must Live,

and we live by our profits, but we don't prey on the public. Our prices are—

ACTUALLY LOWER

than the much bragged up below cost of others.

GOOD GOODS

DON'T HAVE TO BE SOLD BELOW COST TO GET RID OF THEM.

Our Goods are Good.

It pays us to handle them and you to buy. We don't have to trifle our buyers or sacrifice our sales; our goods are offered at fairest prices. We don't crowd any one to buy. If one will just look at them they will be sure to buy them.

Remember the Place,

MR. VERSER'S OLD STAND,
Next Door to H. E. Wall's Hardware Store, Farmville, Va.

Leaders of Fashion and Low

Prices.

Our stock consists of

Men's, Youth's and Boys Ready-Made Clothing.

—SHOES—

For Men, Woman and Child. Ladies and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Satchels and Telescopes, Watches and Jewelry, Umbrellas, Parasols and Musical Instruments, Hats, Caps and Notions.

WE MAKE SPECIALTIES

of Ladies' Ready-Made Goods, such as Tailor-Made Gowns, Skirts, Waists, Wrappers, Fancy Underskirts and Underwear of all descriptions.

Yours for business,

M. S. FELDMAN,

FARMVILLE, VA.

Next door to H. E. Wall's Hardware Store.

Spring is Here

So is our stock of

Spring and

Summer

Goods.

We invite inspection and comparison

of our

unusually pretty selection of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

—and—

Gentlemen's Furnishings.

FLEMING & CLARK,

FARMVILLE, VA.

We Have Completed

and now occupy

OUR NEW AND COMMODIOUS STORE,

8. W. Corner Main and Third Streets,

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Where we will be glad to see and serve our friends and the public. We shall carry in stock a large and varied line of

General Shelf Hardware,

Sash, Blinds and Doors,

Wagon and Carriage Material,

Shedder Wagons,

Agricultural Implements, Plows,

Cuttings, &c.

A select stock of Buggies, Surreys and Road Carts; handling only the manufacture of such builders as we can recommend to give good service as well as please the taste.

A good assortment of Groceries, Lime, Plaster, Cement, &c., and

FERTILIZERS FOR ALL CROPS.

We also conduct a General Commission business and solicit consignments.

Duvall, Robertson & Co.

HAVE YOUR PRINTING

DONE AT THE HERALD

JOB OFFICE, FARMVILLE

THE SEED.

"Only a little seed," we say—
A tiny thing
Floating along its airy way
On silken wing.

And yet that little tufted ball
So frail to see
Hides safely from the sight of all
A mystery—

A mystery of life and bloom
Is there concealed—
An unborn beauty and perfume
To be revealed.

Within that germ so small and brown
Are joys of May.
When melody, like rain, drips down
O'er each glad day.

A hundred beauties yet unborn
Are in its sheath
That wait to charm the skies of morn
With perfumed breath.

Within a seed that afloat
Floats to and fro
Perhaps may be a giant tree
In embryo.

Urged onward by the restless wind
That little seed
A resting place at last shall find
In wood or mead.

Some day, ah, what a mystery
Shall greet the sight—
A tall and graceful forest tree
Proud in its might.

Can it be that so small a thing
So much could yield?
Only a seed that spreads its wing
O'er hill or field.

The humblest things in nature's land
Often contain
What seems have tried to understand,
But all in vain.

The florets of one meadow flower
The power may hold
To sow a field in idle hour
With summer's gold.

A sweet wild rosebud by the stream
Some meaning wears
As great, perhaps, as brightly gleam
From starry spheres.

Upon those worlds we look with awe,
And fall to heed
As great a power as stellar law
Lies in a seed.

In nature, things both high and low,
The oak or reed,
Must in a meek obedience bow
Unto the seed—

O wondrous mystery the cause
To human mind,
Producing by unchanging laws
Its own kind.

Plant roses and to stems will cling
A crimson glow;
Plant lilies and to life will spring
A gleam like snow.

Nature's most potent agency—
A secret deep—
Is latent life that waits to be
Aroused from sleep—

That waits the kindly touch of sun
And drip of rain,
And lo! the miracle begun
Speaks not in vain.

In nature, things both high and low—
The oak or reed—
Must in a meek obedience bow
Unto the seed.

—Alice Jean Cleator, in Ohio Farmer.

An Incognito.

WE who live in the High Row awoke one morning to find that the bills had been taken out of the windows of No. 10 in the row. The house, whose future tenancy had for some time been the subject of our hopes and fears, was let at last, and our fate, in the matter of new neighbors, decided for good or ill.

The row was an old-fashioned corner, lying at the back of a large sea-side town, out of the reach of the yearly influx of noise and trippers. We took no little credit to ourselves for our isolation, and would have blushed to have been at any time discovered among the crowd parading the sea front. Perhaps, indeed, it was the desire to ignore the aspect of the town as a pleasure resort that formed the basis of sympathy on which our little society was founded. Of this society it was old Mrs. Delane, at No. 5, who was called on by at least two county families, and who took daily airings in a carriage with yellow wheels, whom we looked up to as our head, and to whom were referred all questions of fashion and social ethics. We certainly were, take us all in all, a highly respectable corner, and might be forgiven in the absence of worthy objects of comparison in mistaking ourselves for the salt of the earth. Nor is it to be wondered at that we were filled with alarm whenever there was a prospect of a house changing hands, although hitherto the character of the row had not suffered from any such change. The dingy old corner made little appeal to the average house hunter. A susceptibility to the charm underlying the dinginess, enough to make it appear a desirable place of residence, had in most instances proved symptomatic, and in the general run of newcomers we had found new friends. Yet we knew that the luck must one day turn, and the present occasion filled more than one of us with vague foreboding.

No. 10 had been "To let, furnished," so we could not hope for an introduction to the newcomers through the customary vanguard of household goods. There was nothing for it but to possess our souls in patience, and to keep a lookout for their arrival in the flesh. We were taking tea at Mrs. Delane's, and discussing somewhat dolefully the probabilities of the new tenancy, when the sound of a vehicle driving into the row sent us all to the window with a rush. Yes, there they were! A fly, bearing a small quantity of luggage, drew up before the door of No. 10. A young man in a tourist suit jumped out, and was followed up the steps by a girl dressed rather too elaborately to be in accordance with High Row notions of genteel elegance. The man gave a pull at the bell, and no response immediately forthcoming, he and his companion each lifted the handle of the double knocker and roused the echoes with a vigorous rat-tat. The effort on the girl's part loosened the clumsy knot of hair gathered beneath the "picture" hat, and a great plait, unartistically stuck with hairpins, uncoiled itself to the length of her waist. We could see the little stamp of exasperation that accompanied her unskillful attempt at readjustment, and the amused smile of the man watching. Then the door was opened, and both disappeared into the house. Mrs. Delane returned to the tea table drawing in her lips and shaking her head, and we read in the combined action what would be the verdict of the row.

The result of further observation served only to deepen first impressions. The manner and extent of the pair's divergence from High Row notions of genteel living became the favorite subject for discussion at all the tea parties. Each one of us was eager to contribute his or her mite of evidence. One morning, when the little maid of all work had gone out of the house in garments suggestive of a day's holiday, one of us had seen Mrs. de Villiers (the incredible high-row name they gave out as their own) dress herself up in the servant's cap and apron and dab about the room with a broom and duster, for all the world like a stage soubrette. Her husband had stood by, laughing uproariously, and the whole had concluded with an affectionate skirmish, in which the broom had played an important part. The pair made daily excursions to the shops, carrying on her arm a preposterous market basket, itself an insult to the dignity of the row.

On hot summer nights, when we sat and steeved respectively in our front parlors, these people would bring deck chairs on to their doorstep and lounge there till bedtime in shameless dishabille of tegown and smoking jacket. Hitherto the respectable remoteness of High Row had been appreciated by hawkers and street minstrels, and they had seldom troubled us with their visits. But now the charm was broken. Some instinct seemed to urge them daily in our direction, an instinct justified by the behavior of the newcomers, who bought shrimps and water cresses, and threw halfpence to the man with the cornet. Indeed, the dark suspicion rested upon them of having inflicted the squeaking vulgarity of a Punch and Judy show upon the peace of High Row by deliberate invitation. They had certainly sat at their window throughout the performance, exhibiting marked signs of appreciation.

Calling on them had from the first been out of the question. Now when we came across them in the row, or street, our countenances were wont to put on the most unapproachable look, whereby we hoped they would gather the extent of their offense, and be induced, perhaps, to mend their ways.

Yet I am glad to say, for the character of the row, that we were all of us shocked at Mrs. Delane, who, when little Mrs. de Villiers stopped one morning in front of her veranda to say pretty words to the parrot sunning itself there, darted out red and wrathful and bore the cage back with her through the parlor window, as though she feared contamination for the bird. But while we watching grew red and white in the girl's behalf, she resumed her sauntering walk with a little smiling twist of the mouth that expressed more of amusement than of annoyance.

We had become aware, and the fact lay perhaps at the root of our hostility, that we, the original inhabitants, formed an important element in the consciousness of the pair as the pump at the corner of the rusty clump of shrubs that did duty for garden in the middle of the row. And so they continued to stand on their heads, metaphorically speaking, exasperatingly indifferent to the existence of an audience trying to frown them down into a more conventional attitude.

Yet it was strange that they should seem content to be let severely alone, for as far as callers went they might have lived on a desert island; the postman rarely brought them a letter. And as summer merged into autumn, a change like that affecting the season came over the offending household. The girl's smart toilettes, of which no item was ever renewed, began to look faded and shabby. She drew the light cloak, designed for summer weather, more closely about her shoulders, but the wind blew cold through the laces and chiffons, and she shivered miserably. The little face under the big hat, whose handsome feather had long been innocent of curl, grew white and pinched, and the eyes had a frightened, wide-open look. The same look was reflected in the face of the man, as he stood for hours together drumming aimlessly on the window pane. Men who looked like duns were seen to frequent the doorstep. The girl's appearance in the street grew an occurrence of increasing rarity, then ceased altogether, and had it not been for a glimpse now and then of a pale face flitting past an upper window, we might have believed she had been spirited away. It was the man who went to market now, mostly of an evening, and armed always with the offending basket, a melancholy relic of the time when life had seemed a game to be played with appropriate toys.

I would have given something to dare to cross the row and open my arms to those poor, forlorn things. But Mrs. Delane kept lynx-eyed watch. The row as a row had shown no sign of relenting. Who was I, to fly in the face of the general verdict? So I just did nothing, and was miserable, trying in vain to keep my eyes and my thoughts from the house over the way.

One day matters approached a crisis. Bessie, my maid, had just informed me that she had seen the doctor call twice at No. 10 on the previous day, and remain a long time on each occasion. That girl was seriously ill—dying, perhaps. I could keep away no longer, and I jumped up quickly from my seat with the intention of running at once for my hat and cloak. At that moment the clatter of heavy wheels over the cobbles directed my attention to the street. What I saw there kept me rooted to the spot. A great yellow coach with large, heraldic emblems, driven by a white-wigged coachman, had drawn up in front of No. 10. The powdered man holding on behind

jumped down and gave a knock that brought the rest of the row to its parlor windows in time to see the most obvious dowager duchess disappear through the doorway. What could it mean? Had some dame of high estate heard of their sufferings, and called to play the part of Lady Bountiful? Then I remembered that from Bessie's attic could be obtained a capital view of the new tenants' first floor front, and caught suddenly by a frenzy of curiosity, blinding me to all sense of decency, I scampered up the stairs and arrived at the attic window at the moment when the strange visitor was crossing the threshold of the room where I guessed the invalid lay. From where I stood I saw the poor little white figure spring up on her couch, eyes wide, pale lips parted as though she beheld a vision; then fall back on the instant among her pillows, hiding her face in her hands. Another moment, and the visitor was by the bedside, bending over her, and what followed came to me as a blurred tangle of caresses and emotion, in which the men standing on the other side of the bed was also included. Then I turned away, startled suddenly into propriety by the consciousness of tears running down my face.

A week later the great yellow carriage drove up for the last time before the door at No. 10, where its daily appearance in the interval had gone far to compensate the row for what it had undergone at the hands of the new tenants. The dowager sailed in her usual rustling state, and returned supporting a bundle of shawls, out of which peeped a familiar, pathetic little face. The husband followed behind, and the faces of all three shone like sunshine after rain as they entered the coach and clattered out of High Row. Neither of the pair gave us so much as a backward look, but the little maid-of-all-work, superintending the lading of a "fly" with portmanteaus belonging to her master, cried miserably on the doorstep.

And that was the end of it, and we of the row were decidedly out of conceit with ourselves and with one another. It had been a variation on the theme of Alfred and the Oakes, and we had distinguished ourselves in the part of the neatherd's wife, when a little more discernment might have placed us in permanent touch with the British aristocracy. For, although we were never able to learn the whole of the story, the fact of the intimate connection of the couple with that august body was established beyond a doubt. But by tacit consent mention was rarely made of them in our neighborly talk. They had been the means of dispelling our illusions as to the unerring character of our instincts and perceptions, and the subject remained a painful one.

I once saw the girl again, but only for a moment. I had gone to stay with a friend in London, and we had walked one afternoon to the park to watch the carriages returning from the drawing room. She was in one of them, stately but radiant, in nodding feathers and flashing jewels. A princess, every inch of her! How could we have misread the signs? Our eyes met, a look of recognition crept into hers, then she turned away with a flush and a little toss of the head. They had understood us, then, and our attitude of hostility, and had resented it and been pained by it, while appearing to ignore it! I wished she could have known how near I had once been to holding out my hand, and my eyes filled with tears, which owed none of their bitterness to the fact that it was a noble lady who had just given me the cut direct. For at the moment I could think of nothing but the lost opportunity of human love.—Good Words.

FOLLOWING A PRECEDENT.

The Clever Way in Which a Tavern Keeper Got Even with an Offensive Judge.

We can hardly blame, perhaps, the satisfaction which a nonsuited litigant in a certain court once gained from an opportunity that chance gave him. A judge, traveling on circuit, had before him in a small country town a case in which a tavern keeper was held for the payment on a land transaction of a large amount of money which he had not agreed definitely to pay. The court declared that, although his agreement was not on record, it was involved by construction, or implied, in his participation in a business proceeding connected with it.

After judgment had been rendered the court adjourned for dinner, and the judge found that the only eating house in the place was kept by the defendant in the case which he had just decided. He also found that the defendant personally superintended the preparation of the meals, and the food was charged for on the "European plan."

The judge called for two boiled eggs, which, with the other food he ordered, were brought to him done to a turn. He ate them, and at the end of the meal the bill was presented to him. He was astonished to read on it the following items: "Two boiled eggs, 15 cents; two chickens, at 75 cents, \$1.50."

He called the proprietor and said: "How is this? I have had no chickens; why do you charge me for them?"

"Those are constructive chickens, your honor," answered the host.

"What?"

"Why, they are implied in the eggs, you know, your honor," the man persisted.

The judge began to understand, and said no more. However, when he handed in a five-dollar bill to pay for the dinner he found that the innkeeper had given him full change, without charging for the "constructive" chickens.—Detroit Free Press.

His Method.

Jack—How does the bunco man get his income, anyway?

Tom—By imposing a tax on credulity.—N. Y. World.

WILY INTERPRETER.

How He Managed to Help His Cuban Compatriots to Stay as Dirty as They Liked.

"I've been on sanitary detail in Havana lately," said an army officer who passed through the city the other day to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "and had as an assistant a very energetic, capable young volunteer from Virginia. His business was to give house-to-house orders as to sewage, drain cleaning and so on, and, not speaking Spanish, he was provided with a Cuban interpreter. I knew the man's worth, so I was greatly surprised to note that he got very poor results. Somehow or other he seemed unable to enforce his order, and his district was the dirtiest in town. At last I smelled a rat and privately instructed a Spanish-speaking American soldier to loiter along behind the inspector and see what really happened on the rounds."

"At the first house visited the stench was enough to kill a polecat, and the rain evidently hadn't been cleaned since the year 1. The Virginian was furious, and sent for the owner. 'Tell this infernal ginger-colored beast,' he roared to the interpreter, 'I say he's a disgrace to his race! I've told him three times to clean out those pipes, and if he don't do it to-day I'm going to ram him into the calaboose and lose the key!' 'Yes, sure, senator, captain,' replied the interpreter, bowing gravely. 'Jann,' he continued, addressing the native in Spanish, 'this young man, as I communicate to you before, is a little touched in the head. He is crazy, like all American pigs, on the sanitation, and he pretends to enforce it in your mansion so beautiful. Well, we must humor him. So how merely, say yes, you will do as he demands, and to me leave the balance.'"

"The housekeeper listened to the ingenious suggestion and burst immediately into voluble protests that he would obey the law. 'I tell 'em what you say, senator,' retorted the interpreter, 'and it scare 'im pretty mooh. I guess he be all ri' now.' At this state of the game my emissary chipped in with a few remarks in Spanish, and the Cuban turned pale green. He also turned several somersaults on the toe of the inspector's brogan as soon as the latter grasped the facts. After that district B was a sanitary model for the city."

TIED BY HIS HAIR.

Jersey Fishermen Have a Little Innocent Fun with the Paderewski of Their Party.

Passengers in the smoking-car of a train that was returning from one of the South Jersey fishing resorts a few days ago were highly entertained by a trio of disciples of Isaac Walton, who were feeling only as those men who have had a good day's piscatorial sport and are bringing home a heavy string can feel, says the Philadelphia Record. One of the three was tired out, and, in

spite of the taunts of his companions, he deliberately leaned back in his seat and went to sleep. Then the two practical jokers got together and determined upon a plan for fun. The sleeper was generously endowed by nature with a good shock of hair, one tuft of which, on the back of his head, was particularly prominent. His companions cut off a piece of fishing line and silently but firmly tied one end of it to the prominent tuft and the other end to the arm of the seat back of the sleeper. The latter dozed peacefully until the train reached Camden. Then his companions, who had